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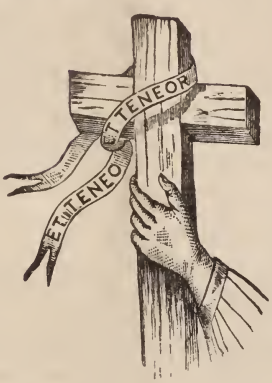
Woman's Work for Woman.



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Brazil.

Some extracts from a report sent by Miss Eva Da Gama, of Rio Claro, with mention of some out-stations.

The day-school has been carried on regularly during the year, in connection with the boarding-school, numbering in all from fifty to sixty-three pupils. Most of these have been members of the Sabbath-school. In December we had a public examination of the school, and the newspapers of the place commended the work highly. The recitations in English, French, geography, history, Portuguese, grammar and arithmetic deserve mention. Some of the girls recited poetry in French and English, speeches were made in Portuguese and hymns sung in English. The room was crowded with visitors, and all seemed pleased.

The girls are also taught housework, sewing, crocheting, etc The boys saw and split the wood, pound the rice, coffee and hominy and work in the garden. During the year four girls and two boys have made profession of their faith in Christ, and we hope others will soon follow. Pray more and more for this school. that it may bring a great blessing to this people, and that all who have had the privilege of being here may become true Christians. These children from Roman Catholic families may be the means in God's hand of bringing their friends to Christ.

A few days since a Catholic father, visiting here, gave his daughter $1 25 to spend as she pleased. She asked my sister to buy a Bible with it, and some months afterwards, when this father made another visit, the daughter gave him the book, and he promised her he would read it. When she first became a pupil in our school, she said "she did not wish to become a Protestant." There has been a change, and the father comes to service sometimes. In the Sabbath-school we have an infant class, catechism class and three Bible classes well attended.

SAO CARLOS DE PINHAL.

Since May last the railroad has been completed to this place, and it has been visited twice a month. A Bible reader has conducted service regularly when the missionary was absent. The inhabitants are so migratory in this country that it hinders our work. In this church most of the members are new, the old ones having moved away. The work is encouraging.

LIMEIRA.

This town is sixteen miles southwest from Rio Claro, where regular services have been held by the school teacher, with good attendance.

ARARAS.

Here the work is commenced again; a good number attend the meetings, and we hope to secure a permanent foothold. Several families are inquiring the way of salvation.

PIRA-SUNUNGA.

This is a centre for that new field. Father has preached here twice each month, and many are interested. The Bible reader and wife have been in active work. Around this city are many preaching places, where we find more encouragement. In your daily prayers take our work in general, and these places mentioned, before the throne of God, so that His Spirit may come abundantly on us all, and at the end of this year we shall see much more of the fruit of our labor than in the past year.

GREETINGS FROM OUR SOUTH AMERICAN SISTERS.

From the Ladies' Auxiliary Society of the Presbyterian Church of Sao Paulo, Brazil, to the ladies' societies of the United States:

As a member of this society I am commissioned to express our sincere thanks for your great kindness to us. With humility and

respect I address these lines to you, begging that you would receive them as a pledge of our constant remembrance of you and your good deeds. Nearly all of the members of our church live by the labor of their hands, so we could not have possessed so soon a house of prayer if you, dear sisters, had not extended your charitable hands and helped us so much. You are very happy, dear American sisters; you belong to a blessed people to whom we already owe a great many favors; and when you of the same continent extend your full hands to give us the gospel, we stretch out ours empty to receive.

Is it because our soil is barren, our people stupid, indolent or ignorant? Oh, no! In all countries there are such. We have a most fertile soil, an active commerce, agriculture is receiving much attention; we have factories, academies, schools, journals, etc. I think my people are not stupid, ignorant nor indolent, but we do not have, as you have, a good form of government and complete liberty for the spread of the gospel, that only true religion that elevates the spirit, ennobles the heart, purifies the soul and develops character.

This true religion has not yet fully penetrated with its bright rays the dense clouds of Romanism, and while this darkness exists, we are forced to look to you for the gospel. I should like to describe to you our church, but I know that a better pen than mine has taken up this subject; but I would say that the goodness of your people is recorded in this house. The chairs that fill the spacious hall, the organ, and even the hands that draw forth the sweet music, the beautiful Bible, and the strong, clear voice that reads its sacred pages, all this we owe to you; we also owe the presence of our active and intelligent sisters that have done so much for our church. Language cannot express our gratitude to you, dear ladies of the United States.

I ask our celestial Father to recompense you and keep you by His power in faith and holiness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. With respect and gratitude, I am your humble servant,

ADELAIDE DE MOLINA.

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, S. A.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN BRAZIL.

THE following is a translation of an address delivered by Dr. Piza Almeida, one of the representatives of the provincial government in Sao Paulo, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Presbyterian church connected with our mission in that city. It is a fair expression of the sentiment of many of the influential politicians of Brazil, who, while not interested in a personal re-

ligion, are still in hearty sympathy with the work of the Protestant Church.

Dr. Piza says: "It is with lively satisfaction that I am present at this religious ceremony. The building of a new Presbyterian house of worship is an evident and certain proof of the prosperity of that Church in this city. I believe that this will be a fine building, raised entirely and only by the generous effort of persons devoted to the Church, and without the shameful recourse to lotteries." (The money for the Catholic churches in Brazil is largely raised by means of lotteries.) "I cordially congratulate the Presbyterian Church upon this noteworthy event, which proclaims the acceptance of its religious belief and the fervent devotion of its followers. The acceptance which the evangelical doctrines have had in this country is to me an agreeable fact, full of great and hopeful promise for good. I pray for its prosperity, together with that of all dissenting churches, for their combined force will some day oblige our legislative body to decree a separation of Church and State and an equality of all religions in Brazil. Happily, to-day, many of the most illustrious members of the Catholic Church oppose themselves no longer, but rather seem openly to accept the most advanced ideas, and among these the separation of Church and State. So few are those who, to-day, sincerely hold to the necessity for this hybrid union that, I feel sure, it is maintained not from conviction, but only by the force of interests, radical because secular. This force, however, is powerful, and another equally strong one, representing more advanced ideas and more acceptable principles, must rise in the face of the official Church to oblige it to surrender. And this is one of the great services which the Presbyterian Church is destined to perform among us. Active, full of energy, a friend of progress and of work, sustained by dedicated, sincere and learned men, this Church is destined to have a brilliant future among us, and will be the first force to oppose itself to the undue influence of the National Church. Had she no other claim upon our regard, I think that this alone should give to the Presbyterian Church a right to the heartfelt consideration of all friends of progress and of liberty in Brazil.

"I salute, therefore, the Presbyterian Society of Sao Paulo and of all Brazil as one of the most active instruments, by means of its morality, its intelligence and its moderation, towards the end which we all desire, the separation of Church and State and the equality of all religions before the law in this country."

A FEW paragraphs from a private letter of Mrs. Houston of Rio Janeiro to a friend:

I find that I have some unoccupied time at my own disposal, and must tell you how the Lord has dealt with us and ours. Mr. Kyle has entirely recovered from the effects of yellow fever, and with the help of his wife is busy on the language. My husband thinks his own health better than it has been for years, for all which we are very thankful.

Our own pretty, quiet home commands a fine view of the bay, of which we never tire, be it calm or tempestuous. We see the ships as they come from or go home, and sometimes the involuntary wish rises that I could sail out of port, instead of my letters.

We await the mails anxiously, and are disappointed sadly if we have no letters, or refreshed and encouraged by a word of cheer from some one who thought to write to us because we are in their Master's work.

Helping Mr. Houston in his pastoral visits I become acquainted with the people and reach the children, so that they come to the Sabbath-school and begin to fill up our classes. We are much interested in Bible work, which has not been tried in Brazil until last year. Miss Gaston, sister-in-law of Mr. Blackford of Bahia, who has been fifteen years in this country and has taught in Brazilian schools, is engaged in this Bible work, and is succeeding well.

Our church determined this year to begin the support of their native pastor, Sr. Trajano, although the amount required is nine or ten hundred dollars per annum. They have adopted monthly contributions, and while the people are poor, we trust the Lord's promise to bless His feeble ones.

THOUGH South America is one of the most promising mission fields of our Board, it is in danger of being overlooked, as it is presented in August, the month of flitting, when many of our auxiliaries omit their regular meetings. In order to give our neighboring country a fair hearing, we propose to present it to our readers in our November number, giving special attention to Chili and U. S. of Colombia. We wish to call the attention of those preparing for their "South American" meeting to the new question book on that country, which is now ready. Though originally intended for mission bands, it will be found very useful to the older friends of the children. It may be obtained by addressing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Room 25, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MISSIONARY LADIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

REPRESENTING THE W. F. M. S.

Mrs. M. E. Caldwell, Bogota, U. S. Col.
Mrs. T. H. Candor, " "
Miss Maria B. Franks, " "
Miss Ella Kuhl, Sao Paulo, Brazil.
Miss M. Dascomb, " "
Mrs. J. B. Howell, " "
Mrs. Geo. A. Landes, Botucatu, Brazil.
Mrs. John F. Da Gama, " "
Miss Phœbe R. Thomas, " "
Mrs. J. M. Kyle, Rio Janeiro, "
Miss Gaston, Bahia, "
Mrs. W. H. Lester, Valparaiso, Chili.

REPRESENTING THE W. P. B. M. OF THE NORTHWEST.

Mrs. J. F. Houston, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
Miss Eva Da Gama, Rio Claro, Brazil.

STORY OF SOOEH YING.

BY MRS. NELLIE EYSTER.

THIS greeting comes to you from San Jose, the "Garden City" of California, beautiful for situation and well representing the culture, wealth and industries of the state. It is four o'clock of a golden October afternoon; and leaving the church parlor, in which twenty of us women have just concluded our monthly foreign missionary meeting, I accompany our beloved local missionary, Mrs. Mary Carey, on a visit to Sing Gum and Di Ho in Chinatown. Down a long street lined with large stores and elegant private residences, past the Pro-Cathedral with its massive proportions and beautiful Corinthian columns, around a corner over whose sidewalk waves the semi-tropical palm and feathery acacia tree, and we reach the eastern boundary of San Jose Chinatown. Strange contrast! There is no mistaking this locality, which is a vast human hive of immortal beings representing every grade of Celestial ignorance, filth, superstition and idolatry. They are packed in little dens, shops and alleys which are as labyrinthine as a spider's web. The sights! the sounds! the smells! The gaudy red paper prayers and inscriptions over their doors and upon the walls of their houses! The incense sticks stuck in little cups of sand alongside their front and only door and burning in honor of some dead ancestor. The painted faces of some of the women peep at us from behind the little six-by-ten-inch hole cut in the front walls of their dens and called a window. This narrow, tumble-down staircase leads to their Joss house, with its smoked ceiling, smokier-looking gods and altars bedecked in tawdry gilding. Alas, what a foul spot it appears upon the fair face of this city, and what a moral and mental impossibility it seems that any good can come out of *such* a Nazareth! Just seven years ago, I, then a stranger in California, went for the first time with Mrs. Carey upon one of her tri-weekly rounds among the Chinese women of this same Chinatown. My curiosity and disgust about balanced each other as we left one smoky den of wretchedness and gloom but to enter another, its *fac simile*.

"Yes, their conversion looks hopeless, but I will aim for nothing lower," said Mrs. Carey in reply to my look of incredulity regarding the success of her work. We were climbing a little steep stairway of eight narrow steps, as she spoke, to the rude apartments of Ah Been and her adopted daughter, or slave, Sooeh Ying. For months the latter, an attractive girl of sixteen years, had been the object of Mrs. Carey's peculiar regard, and although hedged in by the jealous surveillance of her guardian Ah Been, and able to understand but a very few of the simplest English words, our good

missionary had contrived by gentle wiles to win the girl's confidence and to awaken her intelligence.

"I am helpless to avert her horrible fate," said Mrs. Carey. "It will be that of all pretty Chinese girls, who are bought and sold as chattels; but if I can teach her to know and love Christ, I will not have worked in vain."

A sweet young face, fresh and fair, smiled us a welcome as we entered the dingy apartment in which the two women sat sewing. The incense-sticks, the red-paper prayers, the little altar upon which sat a hideous idol, were in suggestive contrast to a cheap wood-cut of "Christ the Good Shepherd" that hung near Sooeh Ying's window, and to which she directed a timid glance the moment Mrs. Carey addressed her.

No spot in the heart of Canton or Hong Kong could have been more foreign to my ideas of home life and civilization than the furnishing of this little room and the dress and manners of its two occupants. The extent of Sooeh Ying's knowledge, the nature of her convictions, the desire of her soul, who can tell? Not we, whose interchange of friendliness was limited to a few disconnected words, smiles and hand pressures, on our part meant to convey the heart-full of pity for the degradation of our sisters, for which we had no other language in common. But a seed of God's word dropped by Mrs. Carey did find soil; and it germinated, for a month later the following advertisement appeared in all our city dailies:

"Lost—From Chinatown, Wednesday morning about six o'clock, a Chinese girl, 16 years old, by the name of Sooeh Ying. It has been supposed that she was kidnapped or ran away. Information of her whereabouts to be left at Wy Kee's store."

Where was the fugitive? Safe in the shelter of that blessed haven of refuge, that most noble charity, the Chinese Mission Home, Sacramento Street, San Francisco, whither she had been directed by her "Melican" friends, who believed her assertion that she would "rather die than be dishonored." After two years of patient teaching on the part of the dear workers in that home, and of equally patient learning on the part of the gentle, impressible girl, she publicly acknowledged Christ as her Saviour, and became the wife of Ah Duk Joy, a converted Chinaman and a skillful artisan in San Francisco. When crowned with the highest glory of woman—motherhood—Sooeh Ying consecrated her babe to the Jesus so lately found, and named it Mary Carey, after her first and stanch American friend.

Some months later, a letter from Sooeh Ying to Mrs. Carey announced her purpose to go with Mrs. Dr. Kerr, a returned missionary, back to China. It said, "Ah Duk's mother very old.

She need a daughter. I go. I not like to go, but must do what's right. Please come see me."

Said Mrs. Carey, upon her return to us after visiting her, "I was received joyfully. The youthful mother and her babe were well and happy. She read for me the 23d Psalm, and then we knelt in prayer. Her parting words at the wharf were, 'Say good-by to all my friends who love Jesus. Ask them to pray to Him to keep me from ever again worshipping idols.' To which our hearts responded, 'Amen.'"

This state has many Chinese women who, like Sooeh Ying, pine for deliverance from their bondage of ignorance and degradation. Pray, dear reader, that the efforts of the "faithful few" working among them as teachers may be blest, and that the hands outstretched for help may be abundantly filled.

A NEWLY-OPENED DOOR.

Miss S. A. Dougherty, of northern Wisconsin, who begins her twelfth year of work at Round Lake, farther from civilization than her old station Odanah, writes:

I ENJOYED the meetings at Milwaukee very much. You do not any longer seem like such strangers, for I have seen your faces and some of your words often come to my mind to help me. My sister and I arrived at the door of our little domicile on the morning of May 2, after a rough ride of nine miles from Hayward, the railroad station, in a lumber wagon. We received a kind welcome from the Indians, and found our native preacher, Edwin Green, from Puhquanhwong, at work on the house here. It has taxed our ingenuity to make the house comfortable and pleasant, but now we have succeeded pretty well excepting in regard to the roof, which occasionally lets the pelting rain beat its way through, giving us the romance of camping under an umbrella; but this will soon be remedied. Rev. Mr. Wright, long a missionary among the Chippewa Indians in the north of Minnesota, is in charge of the work in this region, living at La Court Oreilles, about eight miles from here, but often visiting us as a station. He speaks the language fluently. The people are all heathen, but are very kind and say they are willing and glad to hear more of the good news of which they know so little, but they have not yet given up their dances. They are not wild, but dress generally in the civilized costume, and some live in houses. Most of them have reached that lower depth of civilization, the whisky-shop. The chief, Kahgegabe, who calls us daughters and often sends us fish and other gifts, says when he looks at the improvements in the appearance of his band, he is proud, but then the vile whisky-

seller makes them beasts, while he is powerless to help it. He does not drink, but white people are crowding around the reserve, and just over the line is a saloon, from which in some way, though the man says he does not sell it to the Indians, they get enough to make nearly every night hideous with their revels. Only one night have they been in this part of the village and never near the house, but the sound of their yells, curses and shots in the night can be heard quite a distance, and is often terrific.

We have a good old Indian woman, Sarah Green, mother of our preacher, who sleeps down in our living room, while we occupy the upper chamber. She is a good quiet body and an earnest Christian, the only one near us excepting her son and his wife and a young boy staying in the village to attend school. The day-school is well attended, at least half being large scholars who, never having had school privileges, are anxious to learn to read and write, and study eagerly when necessary work does not prevent their coming. We almost tremble lest some of them may receive earthly wisdom and exclude that which comes from above. Pray earnestly for us. They surprise us by their good behavior and application to study, and the progress some are making. My sister is much pleased with the class of kindergarten children in her charge. The women are kind and willing to listen, and say, "That is very good, but it is strange to us."

We hope to have a meeting for them alone this afternoon. We have not done much outside work, though we have visited every house. We have waited a little the past few days to let the fervor of the *metawas* or dances pass away, when we trust they will listen better. Mr. Wright and Mr. Green will alternate in preaching here on Sabbath. Instead of finding just a wilderness when we came, we heard the puffing of a steam mill, busily sawing the lumber to build its own cover. About a mile from here, across the lake, several houses are being built for white people, and we have two white children in school; but alas! some of these white people are lower than the Indians. Perhaps we can help them too. Everybody is so kind that it seems as if the Lord had prepared the way for us. Oh, may we work earnestly for Him!

IN HIS OWN WAY.

How strangely our God works in extending His Son's glorious kingdom through the earth! Had I been told as I looked on the charred ruins of our loved school home at Tullahassee, Indian Territory, that they would never be restored for the dear Indian children, who had so long been our care, I fear the blow would have been too heavy, and would have laid me also to rest by

the side of the two dear ones whose lives had become so thoroughly identified with that school. But the hope that the same work would be at least partially restored never forsook me wholly until the first load towards the opening of the school now there was brought. For, although the Creek Council had decided that the school for Indians should be built in a different place, and Tullahassee transferred to the care of the Baptist Home Board for the colored people, there had been so much delay that the success of the many Indians who still clung to the hope of getting it back seemed probable.

But God had larger designs, and Tullahassee is now replaced not only by the colored school of fifty on the ground, and its direct substitute for Indian children, of one hundred, at Wealaka, but by three other schools already in successful operation, besides a fourth for the special benefit of those Creeks who have been least reached by mission schools heretofore, which we hope may not be much longer delayed. Would that my space would allow some account of each of these schools, which all seem to be doing earnest Christian work. Two of them are Baptist boarding-schools for the colored people, and a third is a Presbyterian mission day-school for them, under the care of the Freedmen's Board, where two ladies work, not only in the school-room, but in the homes.

The second for Indians is the Industrial School for girls, at Muscogee, where boys also may attend as day-scholars. A strange providence in connection with my work of translating is my having my young translator's help in finishing the Testament when I had not expected it; and while I regret the failing health which interrupted his studies, I am thankful indeed for the help which I hope will enable me before the lapse of many months to have the whole Testament in the hands of the people (provided the Bible Society can do their part quickly). We have to-day finished our first revision, and hope not to be very long on the second. Meanwhile I would bespeak the prayers of the friends of our work, that restored health and a thorough furnishing for the work among this poor, perishing people may be granted. A. E. W. R.

Muscogee Nation, June 16, 1884.

A LETTER from Miss Pratt, of the Lodiana boys' school, shows how the Lord is still working with them in that school and station.

At our communion in March three boys united with the church, and two weeks ago three others applied for admittance. Our school is doing well; the religious instruction is good and plentiful; the Bible is taught as a branch, and the Catechism also receives a fair share of attention. Wednesday, after the afternoon service, Miss Greenfield and Mr. Newton instruct our boys and Miss West's girls in singing. In this

way they will learn many new hymns and will get into singing habits. Last week we began in the school building a night school for men and boys who could not study during the day—those engaged in press work, book binding and various other industries. It was Miss Greenfield's suggestion, and she or one of her household generally comes in for a word of prayer at the close.

To-day the mission church is to have one end torn out and an addition begun. It has become entirely too small for the congregations—the mission cannot afford to build a new one at present, so, though this is very old, it is to be increased one third of its present length. It has at any rate to be made new inside, so it is a good time to do the piecing. This afternoon at six all the compound meet to pray over the new undertaking.

AMONG THE JEWS OF HAMADAN.

MRS. E. W. ALEXANDER.

Our work in the Jewish quarter is practically suspended, and has been for more than a month. Our schools were all closed and locked by an order from the governor, and the keys are in his possession. There were about one hundred Jewish children, boys and girls, under our instruction; in my school alone we enrolled over thirty scholars. We had become nicely started in our girls' school when the hand of persecution was laid heavily upon us. My Jewish woman asked that she might gather the children into her own house and teach them. I considered the matter for a time, and finally concluded that she might keep the children interested if she could do nothing else. She is not capable of teaching, and I cannot trust her alone, because she is a stanch Jew, and exerts all the influence possible toward the old belief. I have found her useful for one purpose, and that is to gather the children into the school, for she is perfectly acquainted with their quarter of the city, which as yet my Nestorian girl and myself are not.

Mr. Hawkes received authority from our United States minister in Teheran, last week, to open the schools and continue with our work as heretofore. He intended to do so, but as next Sabbath is our regular communion season, each day of this week he is conducting meetings, as is our custom here. We have had much trouble during the past year with the governor. Our schools have been closed twice—the first time for one month during our holidays, and at the present time, which is more than a month now since we have done any work among the Jews in the way of schools and services. We hoped for a change of governor at the time of the Mussulman feast, some ten days ago, but the prince (brother to the shah) was again appointed. He is not here at present; has not been since he visited Russia at the coronation of the czar. His son, aged fifteen, is ruling in his place. I think

we had quieter times when the father was here. Although he was bitterly opposed to our work among the Jews, he never seemed to object to our work either in our schools or church services among the Armenians, in consequence of which our work in the latter community has been quite successful. Miss Montgomery and Miss Sherwood have a prosperous school, some forty pupils enrolled, and a full and interesting prayer-meeting for women. As we did not receive an order from the governor last year for the proposed boarding-school in the Armenian quarter, we will endeavor this year to obtain one. In Sheverine, a prosperous village about two miles distant from this city, are some seventy Armenian families. They are without a school, and do not allow us to have schools among them. The ladies expected a number of little girls from the friendly families, and quite a number were ready, but the old Armenian priest making trouble, only three came.

Hamadan is two hundred miles from Teheran, nearly west, and seventy-five miles from the Turkish border, on the high road to Baghdad. Here we are situated at the foot of the Elwend Mountain. If location were all that is necessary to make beautiful cities, Hamadan would rank high among them. You can imagine a city on the west of which the mountain rises quite abruptly to the height of 10,000 feet, nearly meriting the name of ever-white, though July and August mostly rob it of its title. The Elwend extends two miles north and south, then curves with its rugged peaks towards the east, encircling in its gigantic arms the lovely valley of Hamadan. This valley contains some thirty square miles of fertile land, well watered with streams that come dancing and sparkling down the mountains, stealing through meadow and grain field along the dusty roadside. We have a good view of the valley from the window, but still better from the housetop. The many villages make a striking contrast with the fields of wheat, barley and clover, all deep green just now.

Fifty thousand inhabitants are claimed for Hamadan, and that is as exact as anything in Persia. What would you expect of people who do not know their own ages? The streets are rough, dirty and narrow. It is impossible to drive through some of them. The houses are surrounded by high mud walls, which occasionally shut out from view good houses and beautiful gardens, but more often conceal evidences of abject poverty and its accompanying filth. The houses are mostly crowded, one or two rooms being sufficient for any family not above mediocrity, and the smaller the room, the less fuel is needed for winter. The Persians sit, eat and sleep on the floor, except in the highest families. No room is filled with either chairs or tables, to say nothing of washstands, bedsteads, etc. No pictures adorn their walls, and in the poorer

houses you only see the black mud walls, but in the better houses the walls are finished with *gatch* or plaster-paris, which is more used here than lime. When so finished the snow-white walls look very pretty, but we think they might be much improved by a few pictures, brackets and other ornaments. Nothing adds so much to a home here as to have a large tank of running water in the yard, and this the Persians prize highly. They love to sit around them in the summer and sip their tea, served in delicate little tea glasses.

The largest part of our population is Mussulman. There are some three thousand Jews and thirty houses of Armenians. Hamadan has been increasing rapidly since the famine, which probably accounts for the crowded houses. The Jews are the lowest, poorest and filthiest people of Persia; but I do not want to be too hard on them. Although in rags, you would recognize them at once as being the Jewish race. Those who have any wealth are careful to conceal it. I have found a few rooms nicely furnished, but it was after groping my way through a long, dark passage, and knocking my head against a low door. They are badly treated by the Mussulmans, and live in constant dread of their tormentors, therefore seclude themselves as much as possible. You find them in little communities, rather than in separate families. Generally four good-sized houses surround an open court, and they are always crowded. Persians are fond of sitting in the sun, and when one enters a court he gets a good view of all persons connected with the premises. We have never been able to accomplish much in the way of converting the older Jews. Some have professed Christ, but their faith is wavering, and often fails before persecutions and the natural temptations of the world. Our hopes are with the children. Many of the parents cannot be persuaded to accept Christ, but are willing for us to make what we can of their children. They are anxious for them to get an education, and make many sacrifices of religious convictions to help them along. What I have written applies to those Jews who might be styled liberal. It is difficult to tell just where they belong. They seem to vacillate between Judaism, Babism and Christianity, and eventually gravitate to mere worldliness. Pray for me constantly that I may be earnest and zealous.

THE prayer may be short, but if it comes hot from the heart of one in the thick of battle, will it not reach the ear to which it is sent? A few words—Lord, save us! we perish—roused up the Redeemer to save His disciples from the devouring sea. Ah! these prayers of men that struggle are dear to Him that hears them.—*Archbishop of York.*

A VISIT TO DEIR EL KOMR.

This name means Convent of the Moon. It is the largest and most important town on the Lebanon, and the capital of the Lebanon district. The mission has a comfortable house here, where the native preacher and his family and the teacher of the girls' school reside. Mr. Bird has charge of this part of the Abeih field, and for convenience when touring so far from home has two rooms in the house, and here we found a comfortable resting-place.

We took a long ramble about town one afternoon, and I found changes and improvements since I was here eight years ago. Arabi Pasha made good use of the ten years of his Lebanon governorship, and has everywhere left lasting mementos of his term. The taxes collected in the town were used for its improvement. The large square in the centre of the town was formerly a place of filth and confusion, where grain dealers and vendors of all sorts with buyers and animals huddled together, and there was a deafening din of screaming Arabs, braying donkeys and growling camels. The shops around the square were like boxes, with the fronts taken down during the day and goods of all sorts heaped far out on the ground; each merchant trying to spread a little further than his neighbor. The public fountain was so illy arranged as to provoke endless quarrels. Governor Arabi compelled the erection of stone arched fronts to each shop and each merchant to keep his wares within his own precincts. An unused dilapidated palace adjacent to the square was fitted up for dealers in grain and other produce brought from a distance. Into the old palace court the laden animals entered through a side street and not through the public square. The square was levelled and paved with solid blocks of stone. In the centre is a handsome fountain. The square pediment of two broad steps is of gray stone. The basin, circular at top with octagonal sides, is of light limestone veined with red. In the centre the fountain plays continually, throwing its cooling spray high in the air, and the basin is always full; brought from high up on the Lebanon, the water never fails. At each side is an ornamented jet with a stop-cock, which the women can turn and fill their jars in an easy manner. In another part of the city another fountain was built. From these two fountains all the common people in the city and for some distance around it get all the water for any purpose in their homes, and here the animals are brought to drink. The water is carried in earthen jars on the shoulders of women a mile or more up and down the rough mountain sides. Only a few wealthy houses have cisterns or fountains. Most of the streets in the city are steep as the mountain paths. It was a surprise to find some of the principal streets, once so rough

and filthy, now clean and paved with solid blocks of stone that ought to last for centuries; the street is about two feet wide, and on each side a raised pavement for foot passengers about the same width. Lebanon improvements will probably languish now that this enterprising pasha has gone out of office; he was European, and had in him the spirit of progress which the Oriental lacks.

Deir el Komr is in the midst of a fertile country and has a genial climate. The Maronite Christians composed the greater part of the community, and were so prosperous that the Moslems and Druzes were envious. There were a good many Druzes in the city and neighboring towns. The great Druze house of the Jumblatt family has a very large palace a few hours from the Deir. The Lebanon was then under the Turkish rule, but the Moslems were afraid to disturb the Christians lest Europe should interfere, but they pushed on the Druzes to do what they dare not themselves. The Druzes gradually moved their families and movable property out of the city, and then with all the Druzes from other towns came and attacked the city. The government aided them by putting no obstacle in their way, and giving no protection to the Christians they virtually aided the massacre and deservedly suffered the consequences in the government being taken out of their hands. Houses were broken into or burned, and for three days the work of fire, murder and pillage went on Mr. Bird was then living here and had a school in part of the building. The governor sent word that he was powerless to protect his house, but he could give him an escort of soldiers to Abeih for all who chose to accompany him. They had great difficulty in procuring animals, but finally with his family and such things as they could hastily pack, and a crowd of women and children following them, they started. It was a sad and wearisome march; every one was worn out with the sleepless days and nights of terror. Women were bewailing their murdered husbands and sons, or for those who had stayed behind to fight for their homes. Often the missionaries would dismount to give one and another feeble woman with her babe a chance to rest.

Many native Christians intrenched themselves in Mr. Bird's house after the family left and were safe, as the house was unmolested. The government issued orders that all who would come to the government palace should be protected. So they came in crowds, filling the lower courts. Then the Druzes were allowed to go up on the roofs and fire upon them; near a thousand were slain, with no chance to hide or fight for their lives. This was in 1861, and the massacre of Christians extended all over the Lebanon. It was owing to the complicity of the government with these massacres that England and Europe took Lebanon under their protection, and

now have the appointing of the governor, and the taxes do not go to the sultan, but are used for internal improvements as pay for the havoc of that time. For this reason Lebanon is the best-governed part of Syria, especially under such a man as Arabi Pasha, but such another we have not now and may not again. Lebanon is a safe place of residence, and here ladies can ride about and sleep in tents with only servants for protectors and have no fear. In some things Lebanon is not so oppressed as formerly, but it is priest-ridden, and the priests prove a very oppressive power, fattening on the poverty of the poor, for they grow rich and add field to field with no labor. The country is too crowded with population; much of the land is useless rock and much of it poor and hard to till. Beside the district, though only of the Osmanli, is in many ways controlled and hampered by it. For instance, European engineers and explorers find abundance of coal in our mountains; it would be a wonderful source of revenue, for in the neighboring countries fuel is very expensive; but the Turk will not allow of mining because it would bring Frank companies, Frank capital and Frank machinery into the country, and the Turk is opposed to progress and improvement.

But to return to Deir el Komr. We went through the old government palace, built two hundred years ago; there are the remains of old carvings and mosaics about the arches and doorways. Much of it is in ruins. Some of the once grand apartments are used by silk weavers and winders, who set up their looms on top of dirt and rubbish and have ample room for their work. The terrors of that dreadful massacre seemed to hang about the place like a gloomy cloud. I looked down from the ramparts upon a desolate quadrangle surrounded by a high wall, where the bodies of the slain were buried. Many of the palaces and large residences belonging to the wealthy class before the massacre have been in ruins ever since; some are being restored and new buildings are going up.

Returning from our walks and talks we saw Butrus peering into butchers' and vegetable stalls, and we forgot the sufferings of other times and thought of our present hunger. Our supper was spread on a rather small table in our chamber. We had broiled chops, cucumbers dressed in oil, *leben-jedeed* (something like cottage cheese), tea and bread and butter brought from home, and some of the thin native bread that looked like folds of wrapping-paper as it lay on a corner of the table.

After supper we put on our wraps and sat in the court and saw the moon wheel slowly over the top of the highest mountain directly in front of us; one of the grandest mountain moonrises I ever saw. Presently the whole city and surrounding mountains gleamed in the soft silvery light. The children and grandma retired to their room, and after the evening reading were soon ready for their pil-

lows. The *howadja* held a prayer-meeting in the teachers' parlor, and after that talked till near midnight. Where there is no resident missionary the people expect when one visits them to have him talk night and day. What to them is a rare opportunity is rather a constant practice with the missionary as he goes from place to place when touring through his field.

AN APPEAL FROM INDIA.

BY MRS. T. TRACY.

A FEW minutes ago I was sitting outside our tent, when I saw a group of men approaching, each with a sort of shamefacedness, as though doubtful of the reception with which he would be met. I called to Mr. Tracy, who asked them what they wanted. "To hear more," was the reply. Mr. Tracy had preached in their village the evening before, and they had come to "hear more" of the good news; and now Mr. Tracy is sitting among them, telling them of the "Friend of sinners," of whom, it may be, they heard for the first time last evening.

(Later.) Hours have passed, and they are still talking. The number has increased to over thirty. Some have no doubt been drawn through curiosity, but in the faces of a few I can read an earnest desire to know the truth. One man kept repeating the name of Rám till Mr. Tracy stopped him. He was evidently using it as a sort of charm to keep away evil, or perhaps to propitiate his god, while he learned of the new religion.

How sad to think of the few opportunities these people have of hearing of Jesus! Once in a great while a Scripture reader or colporteur may pass through their villages, talking with those who care to listen; but our district is so large and the time when itinerating can be done so short that it takes years to get over all the ground. · It will be a long, long time before we can come in this direction again, and in the meantime how many may be called to their account! We must leave them to-morrow, with no further opportunities for their learning more, except through the very few who can read the small number of books purchased.

But if it is sad for the men, how much more for the women, whose chances for hearing the "sweet story" are even fewer! When the missionary or Scripture reader goes to a village to preach, the woman may catch a few words from the house-top or from behind a corner, but she cannot mix with the crowd to ask questions about what she has heard; nor, if desire is awakened, can she come to the tent for further light, as these men have done. The men may sometimes go to the city, forty-six miles distant,

where there is street preaching every day, and there have some precious seed sown in their hearts; or they may go to *melas*, where the gospel is offered "without money and without price." True, women go there too; but if they are respectable, they are not found standing in the public places, where the crowd gathers and preaching may be heard.

No zenana or school work can be carried on in these out-of-the-way villages, so far from our station. At most it is only once in a number of years that these women can hear of Jesus, and how many are constantly passing away, without even having once heard of Him who alone can save them!

How can any one who thinks with joy of the time when Jesus will call her to be with Him in glory fail to hear His voice through these sad death-beds, bidding her now to consecrate time, talents and money to giving or sending a knowledge of Him to these homes of ignorance and sorrow? I wish our friends at home could more fully realize the vastness of the work. A lady once said to me, "Don't you think India might now be left to the native Christians? There are so many converts and so much religious literature scattered through the country. What is the need of your returning?"

"So many Christians"! For instance, in our own district there are *forty*, including children, out of a population of nearly a million! "So much reading matter;" but what avails this to the thousands, yes, tens and hundreds of thousands, who cannot read? Even in the one of our districts where we have the greatest number of workers, what is the report? In or near the station a few hundred have daily or weekly instruction; during the yearly itineration a few hundred more are visited once; but what is that compared to the tens of thousands who have never heard a word of the way of life? Now, admitting that you are busy supplying the needy in your own neighborhood, or even the more destitute in western lands, is your conscience satisfied while you neglect the most needy and the most numerous class of all?

PALM SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

We have just passed through Lent, and during the last week, Passover Week, one sees Romanism in all its hideous hollowness. On Palm Sunday we went to the cathedral, and although some of the forms excited a smile, yet there was something pathetic and pitiful in the great faith, though blind it be, of that great crowd. All the altars were hung with purple clothes, covering all the rich gold-plate and pictures, some of which are gems of art. When we arrived the body of the large building was nearly filled with a crowd

composed mostly of Indians; more than two-thirds of them held *real* palm branches of all lengths, from a few inches to several yards; some were the graceful boughs of the palm, while others had their green and yellow leaves braided and twisted into a hundred different shapes, while others were decorated with gay flowers, mostly poppies. No one who has not seen it has any idea of the effect of these moving palms.

By the time the mass was finished the great church was filled with worshippers who had come to take part in the grand "Procession of the Palms." At ten o'clock the archbishop left the high altar dressed in the purple robe of his rank, with his mitre on his head and a palm in his right hand. He was followed by all the priests and acolytes, each carrying a palm and all chanting a hymn. As they left the altar both the grand organs pealed forth, and the choir took up the chant. A way was cleared and the procession moved slowly down the nave, gathering devotees as it went, until the number could be counted by thousands, each with his waving palm.

It was a beautiful sight, but a very sad one when one realized that not one in fifty of that mass of people knew what the ceremony was symbolic of, and only engaged in it through a blind obedience to their priests. Oh, friends! pray that the time may soon come when the clear light of a true gospel may shine in this spiritually dark land.

SIDE LIGHTS ON MISSION WORK.

The New Zealand Maoris erected six new churches last year at their own expense, and several others are in process of building.

Thirty-two American ladies are doing missionary work in Turkey. They have 13 seminaries, where they instruct 463 girls, besides doing work among the women of the land.

The Tahitian Bible has heretofore been so expensive as to be beyond the reach of the natives. But through the efforts of the Rev. J. L. Green a cheap edition, which will be within the means of all, is now going through the press.

Joseph Cook urges the churches to greater liberality if they would keep pace with the demands of the work of Christian missions. His idea is to put in the field one missionary to every 50,000 people. This would require for China alone four times the number of workers who to-day labor in the whole foreign field.

It is estimated that imperial Rome at the height of her glory ruled only 120,000,000 people. England governs 250,000,000 in India alone, whose population equals that of Europe, though her territory is not much more than half as great.

The church of Siam received as many accessions during the last two years as during the twenty-eight years preceding. The first twenty years of work in that land were entirely without fruit.

For the Young People.

A BUTTERFLY CAUGHT.

BY ALICE CLARKE.

ONE bright spring morning a brilliant butterfly fluttered over a high wall into a garden filled with beautiful flowers. "How delightful!" it said; "I will never leave this lovely spot, it shall be my home forever." And it flitted from flower to flower, dipping into their sweets, and basking in the rays of the warm, bright sunshine, with never a thought of the cold rains and chilly winds which would soon sweep over the garden and put an end to its brief existence; idly happy, it was satisfied with the pleasures of the hour, and gave no thought beyond.

On the same bright morning, a charming little human butterfly fluttered down a fashionable avenue in the city of C——. She was as bright as the butterfly and just as thoughtless. All winter long she had had "just the gayest time," as she expressed it; and now as she walked along she was planning for a still gayer time among the mountains and by the seashore during the coming summer. "Oh, it will be *so lovely!*" she murmured, as visions of beautiful dresses, unlimited hops and admirers without number flitted through her brain; "if it could only last *forever*, I should desire nothing more in this world." Here her reverie was broken by a cheery voice bidding her good-morning. Looking up she found herself in front of a large church, on the steps of which stood a lady, who had stopped to exchange with her a morning greeting.

"Why are you going to church at this hour, and on a week-day too?" said our butterfly.

"Why, don't you know," answered her friend, "that the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is being held in our city? The officers of the society and delegates from all parts of the country are in attendance, and the meetings are so delightful. Won't you come in and see what we are doing?"

"A missionary meeting! horrible! the very idea of *my* going to such a place! It would *just kill* me to sit and listen to a lot of poky, old-fashioned women reading dry reports, and telling of the horrid little savages away off in India or China, or some other out-

landish place, and asking us for money to buy Bibles to send them, to keep the mothers from throwing their children to the crocodiles; and then these good, pious old ladies will shed tears over those poor, unfortunate heathen, and talk about 'the cause' and 'our great work'! Oh, I know all about it! The idea of my attending a stupid missionary meeting! how could you think of such a thing, Miss Barton?"

Completely out of breath our butterfly paused, and while Miss Barton looked at her with a smile in which amusement was blended with pity, several ladies arrived at the church. The butterfly, whose real name was Lilian Kingsley, turned towards them, and Miss Barton saw a look of astonishment cross her face, for these were not "poky, old-fashioned" persons, but fine-looking women in middle life—noble, cultured ladies, every one of them. And now came a group of young girls, pretty, stylish young girls, not one whit behind the butterfly herself in style, and they were going to this missionary meeting too. As they ascended the steps Lilian heard them talking of our "branches" and "bands," and from their bright faces and eager, animated conversation, she saw that their hearts were in this work, whatever it might be. Perhaps it wasn't so dreadful after all, she thought, since these girls, no older than herself, seemed so interested in it.

"I've half a notion to accept your invitation, Miss Barton," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "and go in and see what this missionary meeting is like; but I'll not promise to stay, for I know it will be awfully stupid!"

Miss Barton smiled, and without replying led the way into the church. "Why, how pretty it looks!" whispered Lilian when they were seated. And the church did, indeed, look pretty. Upon a platform under the society's symbol of a hand-clasped cross bearing the motto so dear to us, "Et teneo, et teneor," the officers of the society and others who were to take part in the meeting were seated, in what appeared to be a wilderness of bloom, for grouped around them in rich profusion were plants and flowers of every variety, while ivy, smilax and lovely flowering vines were gracefully festooned everywhere. On a little stand at the president's side stood a basket of ferns and roses, so exquisite that Lilian could scarcely repress an exclamation of delight, and said to herself, "Who would ever have thought of finding such beautiful things at a missionary meeting!"

"What pretty texts!" she whispered, as she glanced around the church and read, "The love of Christ constraineth us," "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," "Go, teach all nations," "The field is the world," etc., "and what—" but here she stopped, for the president came forward, saying, "We will open our meeting this morn-

ing by singing that hymn of which we never weary, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'" And how those women did sing! Lilian had often heard the hymn before. What made it sound so differently now? And what made all those women look so happy while they sang? She wished she knew. Then the president read a chapter from the Bible, and made some touching remarks on it; but to this she paid very little attention, the Bible was an old book which did not interest her much; but when another lady on the platform was asked to lead them in prayer, Lilian smiled, for she knew that such a pretty, stylish little lady as the one addressed would never do such a dreadful thing as to pray in public; but what was her amazement, when without a word the lady came forward, and (in a voice which Lilian thought the sweetest she had ever heard) asked God to bless them, His children, in their meeting together, to accept the work which they had done in Jesus' name and for His sake, and to consecrate them all anew to His service.

As the meeting went on poor Lilian grew more and more astonished, and more and more interested. There were reports, it is true, and figures too, but Lilian had to acknowledge that they were not dry. And then she was startled to find herself thinking, "I almost wish I had some part in it;" but she thrust the thought aside resolutely, saying, "No, I don't, either, for if I had I should have to be a Christian, and that would spoil all my pleasant summer," and her vision of the morning rose before her; but what was the matter? It did not seem half so fascinating as it did then, and she found herself vaguely wondering if there was not some higher object in life than merely to have a pleasant time. All these women and girls appeared to think so. Then she felt angry with herself for thinking of the matter at all, and said, "No, I am *glad* I don't feel any interest in it; but this meeting amuses me." And she listened to what came next.

Time seemed to fly. She could not believe she heard correctly when the president said the hour for closing the meeting had come and that the delegates would adjourn to the church parlors, where lunch was awaiting them. When the ladies had retired Lilian flew homeward, bounded into the parlor, where her father, mother and brother Tom were sitting, and exclaimed, "Where do you think I've been?" and without waiting for a reply continued, "to a *missionary meeting!* And I'm going back this afternoon."

"A missionary meeting!" laughed her father. "A missionary meeting!" groaned her mother, with uplifted hands. "A missionary meeting!" shouted Tom. "Hurrah! The next thing we know you will have turned missionary, and then some day there will be a touching little item in the papers to this effect, 'We regret to state that the charming Miss Lilian Kingsley, missionary to the

Hottentots, has just been eaten by the ladies of the royal household—by order of the king.'"

"Hush, Tom!" said his father, "let her go to all the missionary meetings she wants to, I don't think they will hurt her." But Mrs. Kingsley put on an injured look, and said, "Why, Lilian, what possessed you to go to a missionary meeting? What will people say?"

"I don't care what they say!" answered Lilian. "There were lots of nice people there. Miss Barton asked me to go. You know she was my teacher when I went to Sunday-school, and you can't object to her."

"Oh, no," said her mother, "she belongs to a very good family, but then she is very religious and queer; I don't want you to grow like her."

"Well, mother dear—open your eyes wide now—Miss Barton was not the only lady there, for Mrs. Douglass is one of the officers of the society, and Edith Douglass belongs to a young ladies' branch, and is to read a paper at the young people's meeting this afternoon; I saw her name on the programme."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Kingsley, "I am surprised. However, when I come to think of it, I believe the Douglass family always have been workers in the church, but then their social position is so secure that they can do all sorts of odd things and no one will think anything of it; but if Edith Douglass is going to take part in the meeting I think you may go; you will like to hear what she has to say."

And so the discussion ended. Hurriedly swallowing her lunch, Lilian again set out for the church, and reached it just as the ladies were reassembling for the afternoon meeting. Miss Barton smiled as she made room for her, and said, "I'm so glad you cared to come back!"

But that meeting! what a feast it was to Lilian, everything was so new and strange! How tenderly the president prayed for the young people, as she conducted the devotional exercises of their meeting, and how wonderful it was to hear young girls read sketches of the missionaries and mission schools under the care of the society, and how much they all seemed to know about those far-away heathen lands! Then they gave reports of what had been accomplished in some of their branches and bands; and Lilian heard to her amazement that they had raised hundreds of dollars for this cause of foreign missions. Even the little children told how they loved to save and give their pennies to send the story of Jesus to the poor little children over the seas. And, to crown the whole, two bright, pleasant-looking ladies were introduced as real live missionaries from Africa and Japan. As they told of their

work in the "sunrise kingdom" and on the "dark continent," of the degraded condition of the women, and how they were calling on us to "come over and help them," Lilian's heart ached for them, and again she found herself wishing that she had a share in this work, and this time she did not put the thought aside. But it was when the whole large audience of six hundred women joined in singing,

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

that she broke completely down, and, throwing aside all pride and love of the world, resolved that with Christ's help she would seek a new path and become one of His children, and then she too would have a share in this work which had been the means of rousing in her a longing for a higher and nobler life.

But did she keep this resolution? or was it made in a moment of excitement, and did she, when the meeting had become a thing of the past, forget its impressions and go back to the world and its pleasures?

Three years have passed. The Annual Meeting is in session in the city of H——. It is the last afternoon of the meeting; the house is crowded with deeply-interested women; the president comes forward and introduces three young lady candidates, who have consecrated their lives to missionary work in China, India and Japan, to which countries they will go in a short time. Among them we see two familiar faces—one is that of Edith Douglass, and the other is Lilian Kingsley. Yes, she has kept the resolutions made that afternoon in the missionary meeting. She sought her Saviour, so long slighted and neglected, and found Him precious to her soul. She confessed Him before the world, united with the church, joined a young ladies' branch and became active in all mission work. Trials, crosses and temptations she had in common with other Christians; but, looking to Christ as her helper, she went forward day by day, doing with her might whatsoever her hands found to do, until one day a cry came from beyond the seas, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Who will come and help us?" Then, rising up in all the strength, youth and beauty which she had consecrated to the Master's service, she answered, "Here am I, send me."

"WHAT she could"—not what she could not do—not what she thought might be done—not what she would like to do—not what she would do if she had more time—not what somebody else thought she ought to do—but "what she could."—*W. A. Shipman.*

At Home.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY CAROLINE M. NOEL.

Tell it out among the people
That the Saviour is the King;
With unceasing Alleluias
Let the new creation ring;
Let a tide of intercession
For the Spirit's quickening breath
Overflow the barren regions
Still in darkness and in death

Tell it out among the people
That the Father sent the Son
To bring back to Him repentant
A lost race by sin undone,
To illuminate their darkness
With the Day-spring from above,
And to teach man's inmost spirit
That the Father's name is Love.

Tell it out among the people
That the Saviour seeks the lost,
And has paid down as their ransom
His own life's most mighty cost.
He with ceaseless supplication
Intercedes for us above,
And has bid His Church bear record
That the Saviour's name is Love.

Tell it out among the people
That the Spirit has come down,
And He still abides among us,
The Redeemer's work to crown.
He renews us, heals us, helps us,
Although weak and slow we prove,
And each contrite heart can witness
That the Spirit's name is Love.

Tell it out to every creature
That the Lord will soon return
To rebuild the earth's waste places,
And to comfort all that mourn;
That disease and death and danger
From before Him will depart;
And God's love at last victorious,
He will reign in every heart.—*The Name of Jesus.*

"IT IS THE HAND OF CHRIST;"

OR, A CONTRIBUTION-BOX TRANSFORMED.

It was the Sabbath for a semi-annual contribution to the missionary society, of which announcement had been made a week previous. According to her usual custom, Mrs. Whitcomb expected to put fifty cents into the box. If the amount seemed small to others, her conscience was quieted by a thought of two dollars paid annually to the ladies' missionary society, which was auxiliary to the other.

"There are so many objects for benevolence, so many calls nowadays, one must plan justly for all, and not rob Peter to pay Paul," was a favorite saying with Mrs. Whitcomb.

One habit of this lady was to look over a collector's book before pledging a first subscription to any cause. If the amount credited to most subscribers was fifty cents or a dollar, she accepted this as the limit of payment for herself, without any comparison of her ability with the majority of supporters. No special pleas, no suggestions to "double contributions," or presentation of urgent needs, moved her to increased and occasional large-hearted giving. "One must never be governed by impulse in these matters," was often urged in explanation; "in charity, as in everything else, I am controlled by judgment and experience."

It was most fortunate that the "regular fee" paid by his wife was not infrequently supplemented by Judge Whitcomb with substantial donations. These were always signed "From a friend," to escape the imputation of prodigality and unsound judgment from his better half. To prevent unwarrantable liberality the judge's wife often took the precaution to sound her husband upon his intentions shortly before a stated collection, and advised as to the amount to be given. Knowing his special leaning towards missions, the prudent lady felt some misgivings upon the Sabbath in question; so, as they were about starting for church, she casually reminded her husband of the collection—as if there were any need—adding, "I have some change in my purse if you have none."

The judge had, on the previous evening, taken special care to empty his pocket of all coin in anticipation of the coming collection. For how could he drop change into the box if he hadn't any! The good man had been reprimanded upon several occasions for depositing a bill. "It is as well to give dollars where your name is signed and there is some accountability; but small coin will do as well for the box," had been the instruction.

In deep chagrin the would-be-generous man turned to his wife, unequal to the emergency. She guessed the secret, but purposely misinterpreted his silence, and bantered him upon forgetting his

favorite collection; adding, "Never mind, I have enough for us both; how much do you want?"

"Oh, I have money enough with me, but you can let me have a half-dollar if you like," was the reply, made with such apparent sincerity that the schemer was puzzled. The silver piece was handed over with much self-querying:—"Does anybody suppose he'll really give only half a dollar? There is hope of reformation in the most stubborn if John is at last become prudent."

The choir usually rendered some incomprehensible "voluntary," but the opening of service that day was very unusual; a simple gospel hymn was sung. From a sweet voice the words directly fell upon Mrs. Whitcomb's ear:

"I gave, I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?"

The prayers which followed were embodiments of two petitions: that the people might be ready to make large and grateful return for the blessings of salvation, and be enabled to regard the Lord's work with a spirit purified from selfishness and avarice. After the reading of notices the pastor said, "The collection to-day will be taken after the sermon. Let us, my dear people, consider together our duty and privilege in the matter of giving to the Lord. Let us look at the urgent need for increased liberality in every part of the vineyard, and then make unto the Master a free-will offering both sweet and acceptable."

Thinking of her husband's unaccountable conduct, of the opening hymn, with its refrain still echoing through her mind, and of the unusual postponement of the collection till the close of the service, Mrs. Whitcomb did not pay much heed to the discourse. Meditation during the sermon is ever a potent soporific, and such it proved.

It was most natural that her waking thoughts should follow Mrs. Whitcomb in sleep, and that she should, in dreams, see good old Deacon Beman come down the aisle to gather the tithes into the storehouse. The dreamer very vividly went through the form of taking a half-dollar from her pocket and lifting it to the extended box, when lo, it was a box no longer! With chilled heart the astonished lady saw the hard, lifeless wood assume the appearance of living flesh. It was a hand now, and from its pierced veins flowed drops of blood. Looking up, she beheld a form like unto the Son of God, with a face which betokened a knowledge of grief and acquaintance with sorrows. Almost paralyzed with remorse the sleeper cried, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord! I am not worthy to put aught into my Saviour's hand."

With pained and pleading look these words were spoken:

"I gave my life for thee,
Wilt thou give naught to Me?"

Quickly the half-dollar was thrown away by the trembling listener, and a coin of gold was laid instead upon the bleeding palm. As the shining bit touched the wound the flow of blood was lessened. In the attitude of divine benediction the Lord Christ thus spoke:—"Disciple, thou hast wrought a good work upon Me. The tears of my people must be wiped away; the nations must be purged from sin; the gospel of good tidings must sound in every ear before this bleeding wound can be wholly healed. Blessed be they who hasten on the day!"

Deep organ tones wakened the sleeper when the collection was about to be taken. Clutching at her husband's arm Mrs. Whitcomb whispered, eagerly, "John, you *won't* put in that fifty cents, will you? Why, dear, it's the hand of the Lord!" In bewilderment the judge looked at his agitated wife, who pleaded again: "I mean the contribution-box, John; it is the hand of Christ, our Lord! Could you lay a few cents upon it?"

"No, wife," was the joyous reply; "I will give fifteen dollars."

"Very well, and I'll give as much more."

Was it his wife who thus spoke, the very same who had outwitted him in the morning? Yes, the very same woman, renewed. She had seen the Lord and heard his words; she had learned the deep meaning of the Saviour's "inasmuch." Never again would good judgment keep her from ministering to her crucified Redeemer, through the poor, the sorrowing and the benighted. The contribution-box had been transformed; but still more wonderful and blessed was the transformation that had taken place in one of the King's daughters!—*Congregationalist.*

"BEFORE THEY CALL I WILL ANSWER; WHILE THEY ARE YET SPEAKING I WILL HEAR."

THE postman left a letter for me not long ago. When I opened it I found it was from one of our young missionaries in Africa. She said, "You ask me to tell you if we need any more sewing done for us here. We do indeed always need such help. But if you could get these hymns printed in the Benga language for us it would be better for us than sewing."

And as I sat at my desk I wondered where I should get the money for this new work. Right well I knew of the various calls now being made to the women of our Church. And it was not long since I had taxed my friends for contributions to a specially interesting object. I felt discouraged, because I forgot the strong

arm on which we women must lean in our work; I forgot the hand always open to grant the desires of God's children.

Scarcely had a half hour passed before the bell was rung and a lady announced who wished to see me. As I entered the parlor she rose and said that a gentleman had given her twenty-five dollars to bring to me to dispose of for any mission work I wished, foreign or home or city. I did not know the gentleman, but he had distributed certain sums to various denominations, and sent this for Presbyterian work.

Here was the money to print in the Benga language, on cards pure and white, the familiar hymns made sacred to us by the tenderest associations, "My faith looks up to thee," "Sun of my soul" and "I'll praise my Maker while I have breath." Rebuked, tearful, but full of gratitude, I told the lady of the letter just received. "Now," she said, "this is for you to do with as you think best."

And so very soon the mail bore the order to the printer for three hundred of the desired hymns to be printed in the African tongue. Ere ten days had passed from the receipt of the dear missionary's letter, her desire had been fulfilled, and the hymns handed over to our good secretary, who had promised to attend to their safe delivery.

I am sure many prayers will ascend that the humble package, so evidently prepared by God's special providence, shall reach the anxious workers and be abundantly blessed to the natives for whom it is designed. And with some, a new and added tenderness will hover around the bundle when it is known that it goes to the station commenced by their friend of former years, the brave missionary, the sainted George Paull of Benita.

Surely our friends in Africa had committed this work to Him who grants to His chosen the "desires of their heart."

CURRENT LITERATURE AND MISSIONS.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LESSONS FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. Gen. Armstrong. *Journal of Christian Philosophy*, January, 1884.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA. Condensed from the Works of Sir Samuel W. Baker. *Standard Library*, No. 113, April 21, 1884.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN EAST AFRICA. Second Article. Prof. George F. Moore. *Andover Review*, May, 1884.

THE FRENCH IN INDIA. R. Shackleton, Jr. *New Englander*, May, 1884.

THE HEATHEN LOST WITHOUT THE GOSPEL. A Sermon by Rev. John L. Carroll. *Homiletic Monthly*, May, 1884.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOUTH AMERICAN VISIT. M. K. A. Stone. *Sunday-School Times*, May 17, 1884.

CHINESE GORDON. Archibald Forbes. *Standard Library*, No. 116, June 2, 1884.

By Sea and Land to Kiyoto. Henry W. Lucy. *English Illustrated Magazine*, June, 1884.

The Juggernaut. *Littell's Living Age*, June 7, 1884.

The Principle of Christian Missions. A Sermon by A. J. F. Behrends, D.D. *Homiletic Monthly*, June, 1884.

The Hero of the Soudan. From Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon." *The Foreign Missionary*, June, 1884.

Central Africa and its Missions, with a revised map. James Stevenson, F.R.G.S. *Missionary Herald*, July, 1884.

The Missionary Field. A Sermon by R. S. Storrs, D.D. *Homiletic Monthly*, July, 1884.

Eromanga and its Missions. James Croil. *Missionary Review*, July, 1884.

The Cannibal Islands. Rev. Edward Barrass. *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, July, 1884.

The Cherokee Nation. Lawrence Lamb. *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, July, 1884.

Expenditures and General Statistics of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. *Presbyterian Monthly Record*, July, 1884.

The Religious Influence of Buddhism. Rev. M. L. Gordon, D.D. *Missionary Herald*, July, 1884.

Gowanda, N. Y. Rev. A. B. Robinson.

PRAISE AND GIVING.

Praise and giving are both offerings. Both should be *willing* offerings. Love must find expression, nor can the heart rest content without *doing* something for the beloved one.

Praise and giving are so often associated in the Bible that there must be some intimate relation between them.

This relation is twofold. It is a reciprocal relation. Praise is the correlative of giving. It is the *vocal* part of worship. Praise is the anthem: giving the antiphone. Rain and snow are but two forms of water. So praise and giving are but two forms of expressing gratitude. Praise is the fragrant incense, rising heavenward, as of old in the temple service. Giving is the sacrifice laid upon the altar.

Praise is the blossom and giving the fruit of gratitude. The blossom is but the forerunner and pledge of the later fruit. The fruit again drops its seed, and by and by we have the blossom. So praise foreshadows giving and giving gives birth to praise. Only gratitude and adoration should be like the orange tree, whereon we find blossom and fruit at one and the same time.

Our Lord Jesus is our great example. How did He give? His giving was unreserved—it was entire. It comprised days of work and nights of prayer for sinners. The touch of his gentle hand gave healing. "How beautiful upon the mountains were the feet of Him who brought good tidings, who published peace." His loving *heart* throbbed in sympathy and compassion. And humanity, for whom the Lord came and dwelt in the flesh, *crucified* its Lord. For His interest they gave indifference. His love they repaid with their hatred. Those ministering hands and tireless feet were

pierced with torturing nails. To those blessed lips, parched with agonizing thirst, they offered vinegar mingled with gall. That loving, compassionate heart was broken.

Such were the gifts—a cross and a grave—which men once offered their Lord. Indifference, hatred, denial, are still the offerings many bring. Oh, let *our* giving be fullest love, deepest consecration and warmest praise. C. W. L.

MONTHLY LETTERS TO BE DISCONTINUED.

THE large circulation of these letters has given proof that the efforts of the committee having them in charge were fully appreciated, but owing to the increased circulation of missionary intelligence through the religious journals as well as in our missionary periodicals, it has been decided that there was no longer a necessity for them. They will therefore be discontinued after September next.

W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER-MEETING.

AUGUST 19, 1884.

SOUTH AMERICA.—*Text:* "There shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Theme for Scripture Reading: "This one thing I do." Phil. iii. 13, 14; 1 Cor. ix. 19, 24.

$750,000.

THIS sum was recommended by the General Assembly for the work of the Board of Foreign Missions during this year. This amount and more is needed for its growing work lest serious loss should be felt in the missions abroad, which are now receiving abundant proofs of the Master's blessing. While this in the aggregate seems large, distributed through our entire church in the twelve months of the year its greatness is lessened, and the question is not, can it be raised, but will it be raised? It is a matter of *will* and not of ability.

$225,000 of this sum belongs to the Woman's Societies auxiliary to the Foreign Board. At a conference held in Saratoga with the officers of the Board and the representatives of Woman's Societies, it was voted to increase their gifts this year 11 per

cent., thus paying to the treasurer of the Foreign Board $225,000 instead of $203,000, as was done in the year just closed. As the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had, at its Annual Meeting, voted a 10 per cent. advance, it was easy for its representatives to join in the 11 per cent. to which the others pledged their societies. We feel hopeful that we shall receive "good measure, pressed down and running over," through all the remaining months of our working year. No time should be lost in trying to meet this added sum, and thus we be enabled to take our full share of these thousands of dollars.

We have been stimulated by the action of our sisters of the Northwest Board, who, while they made an advance of 20 per cent. last year, declined to accept the pledge of 11 per cent. made at Saratoga, but voted to advance 20 per cent. on last year's receipts, and at once began to plan and work for that result! And they will get it. We rejoice in believing that to such faith and works the blessing is sure to come.

Now what is our duty in the case? Let each woman talk up the matter in her auxiliary, let our pastors be urged to make the action of the Assembly known to the people, and let each one of us exert ourselves to put into the treasury "as God has prospered us." Pray over the matter, think over it, and resolve that your part of this amount shall be speedily and fully raised, and that you will influence every one you can to do her share. It is a vast undertaking to which the Board of Foreign Missions has set its hand, a work capable of vast expansions and which is limited only by the means at command. Let it not be crippled all through the year with dreaded debt, but let a full treasury give a joyful contrast to the weary waiting and deficiency of the past months. Sound the rallying call, dear auxiliaries and bands, and do your utmost to speed on the gathering of this sum. Let life members be sought from those who are able to give the $25, and yet may not have thought of it. Let individual gifts be solicited from those who are God's stewards, and let the dimes and mites also be brought in. By prayerful, persistent, persevering effort all through our wide field, we may raise the stream which shall enable our society to send out new missionaries, and so enlarge and advance its work that the "nations shall rejoice and Israel be glad."

MRS. W. E. SCHENCK.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Alexander, Mrs. William T.
Cutler, Mrs. J. E.
Elder, Rev. J. S.
Mason, Mrs. J. G.
Nassau, Mrs. J. E.
Nixon, Mrs. J. H.
Robinson, Mrs. Mary W.
Ross, Mrs. Mary
Young, Miss Elizabeth

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Huntingdon Pres., Penfield, Pa.; Du Bois, Pa.

Northumberland Pres., Derry and Washingtonville churches.

BANDS.

Allahabad, India, Young Ladies' Bd.
Allentown, Pa., 1st Ch., Boys' Miss. Soc.
Baltimore, Md., Faith Ch., Boys' Bd.
Bogota, South America, Mission Bd.
Delaware City, Del., Children's Bd.
London, O., Band of Hope (boys).

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from June 1, 1884.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BALTIMORE. — Baltimore, Brown Mem., Handful of Corn Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 75; Lonaconing Aux., 8; Govanstown Aux., Chieng Mai hosp., 5; Aberdeen Aux., 17 89; Churchville, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 6 25. 112 14

BLAIRSVILLE. — Blairsville, Children's Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 18 87; Harrison City Aux., tr. sch. Japan, 5; Johnstown, Y. L. B., 75; Latrobe, Bd. of Hope, mite boxes, 8 66; Murrysville, Mrs. E. Dible, 6; Bright Eye Bd., jug breaking, 39; Braddock, Bd. Little Pearls, Seneca Indians, 21; Johnstown, five little boys, Chieng Mai hosp., 1 50. 175 03

CARLISLE.—Dauphin, Chieng Mai hosp., 1 25

CHESTER.—Honeybrook, Pansy Bd. and individuals, Chieng Mai hosp., 3 25

CLARION.—East Brady, Petchaburi, 10; Clarion Aux., miss'y, 80; Y. L. B., sch., Lahore, 40; Shining Lights, sch. Dehra, 10; Callensburg Aux., 17, thank-off. Mrs. Wilson, 5; Pancoast Aux., 10; Scotch Hill Aux., 45; Children's mite boxes, 5. 222 00

CLEVELAND.—Cleveland, 2d, Handy Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 22 00

COLUMBUS.—Columbus, 2d, Bd. Earnest Workers, Chieng Mai hosp., 22; Boys' Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 4 50. 26 50

DAYTON.—Hamilton, 1st (Children's day), Chieng Mai hosp., 21 50

ELIZABETH.—Rahway, 5th, Mem. Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 2 25; Summit Aux. and Bd., 11; In mem., Mrs. N. S. Easton, Chieng Mai hosp., 10; Roselle, same, 10; Westfield S. S., same, 42 06; Roselle, same, 50. 75 81

ERIE.—Fairview Aux., 3; Tidioute, 10; Titusville, 19 75; Warren, 54; Erie Central Ch., 3 75; S. S., 37 50; Sugar Grove Ch., 4 25; Springfield Ch., S. S., 2 19; Susie Cross Bd., 1 03—all for Chieng Mai hosp. 135 47

HUNTINGDON.—Altoona, 1st, Aux., 53 00

JERSEY CITY.—Bergen, 1st, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 50 84

KITTANNING.—Ebenezer Aux., miss'y India, 37 00

LACKAWANNA.—West Pittston, S. S., 23 59; Honesdale, Busy Bees, 5 35; Mizpah Bd., 1 50, Chieng Mai hosp.; Green Ridge Aux., tr. sch. Japan, 46 76. 77 20

LEHIGH.—Allentown, Chieng Mai hosp., 1 50; Allentown Aux., 12; Catasauqua, Bridge St. Bd., 13 63; Easton, 1st, Aux., Bogota, 25, miss'y, 10; Easton, Brainerd Ch., zenana work, 16 67; tr. sch. Japan, 16 67; Misc., 16 66; Hazleton Aux., 38 02; Hokendauqua Aux., 6; Mauch Chunk, 42 50, Chieng Mai hosp.; Mauch Chunk Aux., sup. miss'y, 23 85; Little Workers, sch'p Allahabad, 21 19; S. S., 50; Pottsville, 2d, Aux., 11; Port Carbon Aux., 7; Reading Aux., 24 40; Washington St. Aux., 6; Tamaqua Aux., 4 24. 346 33

MAHONING.—Youngstown, 1st, Y. L. B., Chieng Mai hosp., 20 00

MARION. — West Berlin, Youthful Warriors, Chieng Mai hosp., 9 00

MONMOUTH. — Mount Holly, Holly Branch Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 3 75

MORRIS AND ORANGE.—Orange, 2d, Heart and Hand Bd., sch'p Sidon, 12 50; Central Ch. S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 72 25. 84 75

NEWARK. — Montclair, Boys' Bell Bd., sch'p boys' sch. China, 20 00

NEWTON. — Belvidere, 1st, Willing Workers, Chieng Mai hosp., 3 00

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Lewisburg,

S.S., 8; Jersey Shore, S. S., 12 24—all for Chieng Mai hosp. 20 24

Occidental Board. — San Rafael Aux., tr. sch. Japan, 20 00

Otsego.—Oneonta, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 20 79

Philadelphia.—Calvary Aux., 35; Walnut St. Aux., tr. sch. Japan, 40 10; Chieng Mai hosp., 8 50; a lady, for Italy, 1; Mexico, 1; Corea, 2; Mrs. H. Whitely, for L. M., 25; S. S., for Chieng Mai hosp., 33 89. 146 49

Philadelphia Central. — North Ch., B. L. Agnew Bd., 25; Princeton Ch., First Fruits, 25; Fullerton Bd., 30; Cohocksink, S. S., 23 05; 2d Mantua, S. S., 6 75; Arch St., Y. L. Bd., 26 50; Bd., King's Gardeners, 5; Joy Bells, 5 75—all for Chieng Mai hosp.; North Ch., S. S. No. 1, sch'p Shanghai, 40; Morning Light Bd., Dehra sch. bld'g, 50; North Broad St. Aux., miss'y Persia, 125; Northminster, Y. L. B., Chieng Mai hosp., 5; Shepherd Aux., 1st Ch., N. L., Benita, 25; Bd., Little Gleaners, Kolhapur, 30; St. Paul Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 1 25; West Arch St. Aux., miss'y India, 152 25; tr. sch. Japan, 40 50; S. S., 35; Y. L. B., 6; Bd., King's Daughters, 7 25; Bd., Carrier Doves, 4 50—all for Chieng Mai. 668 30

Philadelphia North. — Germantown, Mrs. M. L. Penrose, work Corea, 50; Chestnut Hill, S. S., 12 50; Newton, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 28. 90 50

Pittsburgh and Allegheny Com.—Cannonsburg, Mayflower Mission, 4; Pittsburgh, Miss Lafferty's S. S. Cl., Chieng Mai hosp., 1. 5 00

Redstone.—Portsmouth, 2d, Y. L. Br., work Soochow, 36 75; Connellsville, 12; West Newton, Bd., Earnest Workers, Chieng Mai hosp., 9 22. 57 97

Rochester.—Dansville Aux., miss'y Africa, 50 00

St. Clairsville.—Cadiz, Bd., Earnest Workers, miss'y India, 30 94; Chieng Mai hosp., 31 50. 62 44

Shenango.—Mt. Pleasant Aux., miss'y Canton, 45; Neshannock Aux., miss'y Japan, 42 50; Sharon Aux., miss'y China, 20; Westfield Aux., miss'y Siam, 55 60; West Middlesex Aux., 2 sch'ps Canton, 16. 179 10

Washington City.—Bethlehem, 1st Pres. S. S., in mem. Arvilla Johnson, 10; Musgrave Bd., same, 10; Washington City, 4th, Bd., China, 50; West St. Aux., tr. sch. Japan, 15; miss'y India, 15; Western Aux., 23; Metropolitan Aux., 15, miss'y India; Mateer Bd., sch'p China, 10; Falls Ch. Aux., miss'y India, 10; Bd., 15, Petchaburi. 153 00

West Jersey.—Bridgeton, West Ch., Children, 18 75; Woodbury, Mrs. E. C. Thurston, 10; Mrs. E. T. Bradway, 5—all for Chieng Mai hosp. 33 75

Westminster.—Little Britain Aux., in mem. Mrs. Zell, Chieng Mai hosp., 10 00

Wooster.—Jackson Aux., 17 00

Miscellaneous.—Phila., thank-off., work in India, 10; Mrs. Jane Page, 10; C. N. A., 48 90; K., for Corea, 10; Rush, Pa., M. S., 125; Doylestown, O., 10; Salem, O., 4 75. *For Chieng Mai Hospital*—Bal. from expenses of General Assembly, 186 07; Phila., 6 25; Miss Williamson, 2; Mrs. H. G. Kern, 1; West Fairfield, Pa., Mrs. J. Updegraff, 10; Doylestown, Pa., 25; Leetsdale, Pa., per H. P. Atwood, 5; Warsaw, N. Y., Miss L. M. Fisher, 30; Syracuse, N. Y., B. H. Coleman, 1; Dayton, N. J., Mrs. C. L. Dickson, 1; Hamden Junction, O., S. S. and a friend, 3; Salem, O., Mrs. H. B. Fry, 10 75; Washington, D. C., Mrs. W. P. Green, 1; Baltimore, Md., 1 50; Colora, Md., R. H. McCullough, 5; Knoxville, Tenn., 2d, Cup Bearers, 5; Winnipeg, Manitoba, T. S. Ewart, 1; sale Memoir of Mrs. Ballagh, tr. sch. Japan, 9 25 (547 22); sale Historical Sketches and Leaflets, 36 15. 583 37

Total for June, 1884,	$3,638 27
Previously acknowledged,	4,496 95
Total from May 1, 1884.	8,135 22

A Christmas box for the school at Yokohama, Japan, has been prepared by the Auxiliary of New Brunswick, N. J., the Y. L. B. of Prospect St., Trenton, N. J., the Y. L. B. of Perth Amboy, N. J., Daisy Bd., Passaic, N. J., Auxiliary of Northfield, O., Band of Hope, Central Ch., Phila., Lilies of the Field, Greencastle, Pa., Y. L. B. of Central Ch., Chambersburg, Pa., Y. L. B. of Shippensburg, Pa. A box to Poplar Creek, Dakota Ter., from the West Ch., Bridgeton,

N. J., and Mission Bd., Taneytown, Md., 10th Ch., Phila. A box to Teheran, Persia, from Raymelton, Pa., Millville, N. J., Middletown, Del., 10th Ch., Phila. A valuable box for Christmas has been forwarded to Sidon school by the Master's Helping Hand, Gettysburg, Pa. A missionary quilt has been sent to Persia by the church at Beaver Falls, Pa. Two communion services have been sent to the Sidon mission by the ladies of Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. Julia M. Fishburn, *Treasurer*,
July 1, 1884. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. P. B. M. of the Northwest.

Room 48, McCormick Block, Chicago, Illinois.

PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

TO BE READ AT THE MONTHLY MEETINGS IN AUGUST.

Psalm ii. *Golden Text for the Month.*—Isaiah xliii. 6. "I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth."

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Auburn, Neb., Rosebud Bd.
Duluth, Minn., Cheerful Workers.
Groton, Dakota.
Libertyville, Iowa, Gleaners.
Martinsburg, Iowa, Y. P. Society.
Mendota, Ill., Golden Link Bd.
Montrose, Iowa, Busy Bee Union Soc.
Minneapolis, Minn., Bethlehem Ch. and S. S.; Bloomington Ave. Ch.
Pullman, Ill., The King's Children.
Stony Creek, Mich., Y. P. Society.
Tyner, Dakota, Bethel Ch.
Wessington, Dakota.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Mrs. S. H. Perry, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Chas. J. Russell, Milwaukee, Wis.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Angeline Baker, Gilman, Ill.
Mrs. Dr. H. S. Buel, Franklin, Mich.
Mrs. Maggie Farrington, Onarga, Ill.
Mrs. Dora Hankey, Lexington, Ill.
Mrs. Cornelia Ludden, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Mary E. McDonald, Gilman, Ill.
Mrs. M. R. McNeil, Jefferson, Iowa.
Miss Anna C. Poor, Lexington, Ill.
Mrs. E. C. Ray, Hyde Park, Ill.
Miss Emma F. Smith, St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. P. A. Waters, Pontiac, Ill.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, to June 20, 1884.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ABERDEEN.—Aberdeen, 15 00
BELLEFONTAINE.—Bellefontaine, 15; Kenton, 15; Marseilles, 10, all for Siam; Bellefontaine, H. M., 20. 60 00

BLOOMINGTON.—Bement, 478; Gilman, 10; Lexington, 7 60; S. S., 4 40. 500 00

CAIRO.—Richland Ch., 10 00

CEDAR RAPIDS.—Cedar Rapids, 1st, sal. Miss Pratt, 69 90; Coe College, Y. L. S., 11; Clinton, 27 60. 108 50

CHICAGO.—Austin, 10 50; Chicago, 1st, Mt. sch. Persia, 5; 2d, Tabriz sch., 54 10; 3d, sal. Miss Olmstead, 150; Seed Sowers, India, 20; 4th, sal. Mrs. Fisher, 20; R. Smith, Chieng Mai hosp., 1 25; 6th, S. S., 55; Evanston, 66; Willing Workers, sal. Miss Jacobs, 5; S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 25 75; Hyde Park, sch'p, 20; Mrs. Willoughby, 25; Lake Forest, 9; Y. P. S., 13 07; Steady Streams, 21 85; Peotone, 15; Waukegan, 15. 531 52

DENVER.—Denver, Central Ch., 25 00

DETROIT.—Detroit, 1st, sal. Mrs. Lucas, 72 25; Memorial Ch., Cheerful Laborers, 20; Fort St. Ch., postage on Interior sent to Miss Patton, 1 04; Trumbull Ave. Ch., India, 15; Milford, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 25; Southfield, Oroomiah sch'p, 10. 143 29

DUBUQUE.—Dubuque, 18; Hopkinton, 7 50; Independence, sal. Miss Pratt, 10; Jesup, 1 85; Pine Creek, 4 35; West Union, Mexico, 2 50. 44 20

FORT DODGE.—Carroll, S. S., 18 08; Jefferson, 10. 28 08

FORT WAYNE.—Elkhart, S. S. M. S., Mexico, 12 41; Goshen, Persian boys' sch., 3, Shanghai sch'p, 10, Laos, 12; Huntington, Willing Workers, 7 50. 44 91

FREEPORT.—Freeport, 1st, 4 29, S. S., 4, for Laos hosp. (8 29); Galena, 1st, 5; Woodstock, 13. 26 29

GRAND RAPIDS.—Grand Rapids, 1st, S. S., 7 24

HASTINGS.—Culbertson, Cora and Ernest McCandlish, for children's missions in India and Africa, 1; Chieng Mai hosp., 1. 2 00

HURON.—Fremont, 37 70; Tiffin, 6 40; Mrs. E. D. Sprague, 15. 59 10

IOWA CITY.—Muscatine, Dehra sch'p, 30; Oxford, 8 55; Summit Ch., 15 25; Washington, 15; Wilton Junction, 15 20. 87 00

LANSING.—Brooklyn, sal. Mrs. Hayes, 10 00

MAUMEE.—Delta, 5; Eagle Creek, 6. 11 00

MILWAUKEE.—Milwaukee, Calvary and Immanuel Chs., 100; Immanuel Ch., 10. 110 00

MUNCIE.—Muncie, 12; Peru, 16 50; Portland, 7 50. 36 00

OTTAWA.—Aurora, S. S., pupil Mynpurie, 6 25; Plato Ch., Benita sch'p, 10 25; Union Grove Ch., 37 28. 53 78

OREGON.—Eugene City, 21 00

PEMBINA.—Bathgate, 3 50; South Hamilton, 1 50. 5 00

PUEBLO.—Colorado Springs, 75 75

RED RIVER.—Fergus Falls, S. S., Osaka bld'g, 17 31

ROCK RIVER.—Sterling, Dehra sch'p, 7; sal. Mrs. Bergen, 5; Tabriz hosp., 9; S. S. Cl., same, 2. 23 00

SAGINAW.—Caro, S. S., 4 25; Vassar, S. S., 20, both for Laos hosp. 24 25

ST. PAUL.—Duluth, 1st, Cheerful Workers, 25; Minneapolis, 1st, Mrs. Holt's sch., 36 99; Andrew Ch., San Francisco sch'p, 12; Westminster Ch., sal. Mrs. Mateer, 35; Y. L. S., sch'p Rio Claro, 15; St. Paul, Central Ch., Y. L. B., 25. 148 99

SCHUYLER.—Carthage, Dew Drop Society, Chieng Mai hosp., 2 00

WATERLOO.—Grundy Centre, 1st, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 3 60

WINNEBAGO.—Omro, 6 50; Willing Workers, Laos hosp., 8 50; Stevens Point, Bd., same, 9 47. 24 47

WISCONSIN RIVER.—Madison, Mary Campbell Bd., Laos sch'p, 12 50

MEMORIAL.—By sale of A Brief Record, 1 40

MISCELLANEOUS. — Independence, Mo., 50; S., part thank-offering for woman's work for woman in India, 5; By Interior subscriptions, Mr. Sinclair, 1; Lincoln, Ill., 1; Societies for publishing of Report and Letter—Bloomington Pres., 4; Chicago Pres., 3; Rock River Pres., 1; Fort Wayne Pres., 1; Waterloo Pres., 50 cts.; Detroit Pres., 6; Huron Pres., 2; Milwaukee Pres., 2; Miscellaneous, 60 cts. (20 10); By sale of leaflets, 20 04; Historical Sketches, 4 20. 102 34

Total for month,	$2374 52
Previously acknowledged,	1753 86
Total from April 23,	4128 38

CHICAGO, ILL., *June* 20, 1884.

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treasurer*,
Room 48, McCormick Block.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.